

STUDENT'S PEN



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Table of Contents

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK	3
ILSE, by Madeline May	4
OH...! CHRISTMAS, by Katy MacCarthy	7
CHRISTMAS BROTHERHOOD, by Marilyn Case	7
THE BERKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE, by Dante Fresia, Jr.	8
CROSSWORD PUZZLE	9
JOY TO THE WORLD, by Marlene Burn	10
WINTER'S HERALD, by Janet Lewis	11
SHALL I SEE SANTA? by Janet Lewis	11
THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS, by Kathleen McMahon	12
THE REASON'S THE SEASON, by Sandra Rabiner	12
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, by Katharine Maguire	13
CHRISTMAS SCENES, by Marilyn Case	13
CAREER CORNER	14
WHO'S WHO	16
SCHOOL NOTES	18
ALUMNI NOTES	23
BOYS' SPORTS	25
GIRLS' SPORTS	28

P.S. merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year!



From the EDITOR'S DESK

Looking Ahead To A White Christmas

By Nancy Quirk, '52

BACK in the early years of the last war Irving Berlin came out with a song called "White Christmas", which has since found its place among our Christmas carols. At the time thousands of American men were fighting in the South Pacific. The simple melody and the longing expressed in the song found a response in every man's heart. The dream of having such a Christmas would not be realized; and those men had to listen to the song many more times away from home before it came true.

Once again at Christmas in 1951, we are faced with the grim reality of war in far-off lands, although it was just about a year ago we were told the boys would be home to celebrate Christmas 1950. The hope for peace is still just that. This year when recordings or home-made versions of the song are heard they will have an ironic twist. Men fighting in Korea will certainly get a White Christmas, for Korean winters are tough. But the little things in the song will stand as symbols of happier times while the important things we believe in are still being fought for.

This year, as in the year "White Christmas" appeared, war is being waged against a people who have no understanding of the real meaning of Christmas. They scoff at our beliefs and traditions as more evidence of sentimentality. If they would learn the message of the Christ Child of "Peace on earth, good will towards men" then there would be hope for all.

It would be fitting for us, here at home, to pause in our holiday festivities and call to mind that Christmas in its truest sense is the day on which we pay homage to the Prince of Peace. Let our prayers be for the victims of injustice and oppression everywhere and our hopes be that the fellowship of men will yet prevail. For this we will look ahead to a white Christmas in 1952.



The editor sends best wishes to the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN and to the students and faculty members of P.H.S. for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ILSE

By Madelene May '52



ALL chattering had ceased. Everyone was acutely aware of any slight sound or movement. The stillness implied far more than the usual humdrum of words, which would occasionally be interrupted by laughter. It certainly was a strange rest hour. The tension was reflected on each child's face. There were five girls. All of them were around the age of ten, except for Ilse. Every girl was very conscious of this. In fact, they were very conscious of Ilse. She sat on the far corner of her bed. Margaret, Rachel, Miriam, and Ruth were all sitting on their own beds. Their faces were so serious. To an onlooker, they looked almost pathetic. Margaret was busily engaged in a comic book. Ruthie was painstakingly writing a letter to her mother. Each word was written with great care. It made her feel proud that she could write a letter to her mother. Simply the fact that she was away from home and was quite independent made her feel very proud. But what really gave her self-importance was that Ilse was only eight years old. Once in a while, she would glance up from her writing to give Ilse a cold, warning look. Ruthie could easily be recognized as the leader of the group. She was the oppressor and Ilse the oppressed in this game. But not both sides were getting an equal amount

of pleasure. This was quite obvious. The little girl was crouched on the bed near the wall. Besides being only eight years old, she was small. And what a terrible name to have. "Ilse". It sounded so taunting when they called after her,

"Ilse is a sissy. Ilse can't catch me."

The words were terrible, but she could run from them. She could go to Judy, the counselor, and tell on them. But now she was alone. Now it was worse than words. It was silence. That haunting, menacing silence. They were plotting something in secret. She knew they were. Her face portrayed her fright too well. Her big brown eyes with long lashes were wide and frightened. They seemed to be the largest part of her whole face. Somehow they had a strange wisdom in them which can only come from experience. They looked far too old for an eight-year-old child. Her mouth was pale and thin. Almost as pale as her pallid skin. The fresh country air had not yet had its effects on the listless face. Her brown hair was braided. It looked rather messy now. It was long and wavy, which made it very hard to comb. When Judy tried to pull the knots out, it hurt. Tears quickly followed so she left it alone. Judy couldn't comb her hair as her Mommy did. Mommy never hurt her. She was always so gentle. Everything was so different here. Their apartment in New York was small and crowded as most tenements are. Yet Mommy had made it home, although she could not bring any of their things over from Poland. With little things she furnished it slowly. When she worked overtime at the factory one week, she bought a rug to put under Ilse's bed. It was almost like the rug she had in Poland. There were such nice memories from Poland, when she thought far back. Her Mommy and Daddy and Stephie all lived on Aurbach St.

They had a lovely apartment. They used to go to the park on Sundays. How they laughed and played funny games. She remembered her room so well. It had light blue walls and light brown furniture. It was all such a pretty picture. Then, suddenly, the picture was smeared and blurred. The Germans came. The quiet, happy life changed to fear and panic. No wonder the brown eyes were so large and sad. It was like a bad dream that she once had about a giant. The giant had come to the city and had eaten all the people. After the dream she woke up and everything was all right again. This dream took a long, long time. She did not want to remember it. It was an ugly picture.

Yes, this room was so different from home in New York. The floor was bare. Underneath the beds she could see little puffs of dust which had cleverly escaped the clutching claws of the broom. Leaning against the wall were shelves. They were laden with neat rows of polo shirts, shorts and underwear. All the shelves were full. Only Ilse's was not piled to the top. Her Mommy did not know that in camp children wear shorts and polo shirts. She had three pretty dresses. She was so proud of them when she first got them. Her Mommy had made each one carefully by hand. The embroidery was so pretty. Now they had lost their charm and splendor because they were "different".

Everything about her was different. Her name, her features, her slow accented speech and her clothes. But worst of all was her train of thought. She had been brought up so differently from them. She had become shy and sensitive. It would take a long time for this little girl to become "Americanized".

She looked at the post-card which was clutched in her hand. Judy had brought the mail at the beginning of rest hour. The card was from her mother. The handwriting was immaculate. The lines sloped down a bit at the end of the card. She read it again, drinking in each word with renewed love.

"Ilse darling,

It was with much pleasure that I get your poste carte. It made me happy to here that you are happy. Be always a good girl. Listen good to the conselore. Take care good of your close. I am working hard. It is in New York very hot. I was together with tante Lisa yesterday. They send you kisses.

Much love, and many kisses.

Lovingly,
Mommy."

As she read the last word she was suddenly startled by a loud whisper. Ruthie had gone over to Margaret's bed. She was whispering something in her ear. They both laughed. Then Margaret went to Rachel and Ruthie to Miriam. They told them the secret. Soon they were all whispering together. The murmuring was interrupted every once in a while by peals of laughter. They laughed, looked at her, and laughed again. To them, their laughter was gay. To Ilse, it was the most terrifying sound imaginable. What were they whispering about? If only Judy would come.

She was terror-stricken. Her pale skin became paler yet. Small beads of perspiration became visible above her lips and on her forehead. Her little heart was beating much too fast. It was so loud and fast that she thought she could not stand it. If she knew their plan she could fight back. This way she was helpless, and they knew it.

All of a sudden everything was quiet. All the girls had gone back to their own beds except Ruthie. Ruthie slowly walked over to Ilse's bed. She had a smile on her face. Ilse mistook the smile for kindness. There was hope in her heart that now, maybe now, Ruthie would want to be friends with her. She had tried many times to become friends with them. She had swept when it wasn't her turn. She had shared all the precious little candies that her Mommy had sent to her. It was all to no avail.

Ruthie looked at Ilse's post-card.

"Can I see your post-card?" she asked.

Ilse's hand trembled slightly as she handed over the sacred post-card. Ruthie looked at it. She slowly began reading it aloud. She read it with a heavy, mocking accent. All the girls laughed. They laughed at her Mommy.

"Look, how she spells post-card. Postecarte."

Ruthie's words brought out a new revelry of laughter.

"And look, listen to this. 'Listen good to the conselore'."

Again another outburst. It seemed endless. When the mocking sounds finally died down, Ilse stood up. In a small quivering voice, she said in the best English possible, "What is wrong with that?"

Above the tittering, Ruthie said. "Do you want to know what's wrong? Your mother is stupid. Nobody writes like that. She must be crazy. And you're crazy too."

The words hit Ilse like a sharp blow. Her Mommy crazy? Was she crazy? How could Ruthie say such a thing? How could anyone insult her Mommy like that? She walked over to Ruthie and said, "Don't you ever say anything about my Mommy again, or I'll hit you."

Ruthie walked very close to her. She looked bold and triumphant. Proudly, she extended her arm, and said, "Hit me. I dare you."

"I only meant" she stammered.

"You're afraid that's all. I dare you to."

Ilse raised her head to look at Ruthie. Was there no pity in those cold and relentless eyes? She looked at Margaret, and then at Rachel and Miriam. Was there no help from anyone? If only Judy would come. Or, if she were home with her Mommy. But Judy didn't come. She knew she had to do something. With each breath Ruthie grew more impatient. Then Ilse gathered all the forces within her, held her breath, and slapped her arm!

Ruthie was well prepared. She quickly hit

her back. She hit her hard. Very hard. Ilse fought back. She bit and scratched. Ruthie was stronger. Tears were streaming down Ilse's face. She was frantic with fright. Then she caught sight of the door. There, was escape. With all the strength that was left in her, she pushed Ruthie away and ran for the door. She ran and ran. Past the bunks, past the trees, past everything. She was afraid to stop. Then she quickly glanced behind her. No one was coming. Exhausted, she sank down underneath a tree. She cried and cried. The flow of tears seemed endless. Finally after a few heavy sobs, the tears ceased to flow down the little wet cheek. She wiped her cheeks with her hand. Her heart beat became regular once more. All was quiet, all was at peace. She was at last away from them. But how long could she stay here? Anyway, now she was alone and peaceful. Her tranquillity was suddenly interrupted. The grass parted slowly. At first she was startled. Then she saw what was happening. A small turtle was slowly making its way towards her. Its shell was grey and dry from the sun. She watched it carefully. It came closer and closer. Then she touched it. Quickly it put its head and feet inside the shell. It, too, was afraid. Then, very cautiously it extended its precious limbs and head out again. It gave her a long and wise stare. It looked so funny that she laughed. It had been a long time since she had laughed. This time she was more careful when she touched it. It submitted to her gentle caresses. Then, courageously, it came closer to her. It crawled on to her hand. How funny its feet felt on her hands. It sat there, not moving, as if that was where it wished to stay. Suddenly she felt a strange love for this creature who had come to her and was resting on her hand. Maybe if she brought it back to the bunk, they could all play with him. Then they might like her. She was too exhausted to think further. She rested her weary head against the tree trunk and fell asleep, with the turtle clutched in her hand.

Ah...! Christmas

By Katy MacCarthy, '54

CHRISTMAS!" said my brother in the cheerful tone one uses when one has the equivalent of Fort Knox stashed in the top bureau drawer.

"Christmas," said I, in the tone one uses when one is so destitute for folding green stuff that one's piggy bank is about to apply to the "R.F.C." for a loan.

"Christmas!" repeated my sadistic brother, just to be mean. I opened my mouth for an appropriate reply when who should breeze in but my gold mine, my Fort Knox, my father.

"Er . . . hello, Daddy," I greeted him in what I hoped was a nice bright "glad-to-see-you-father" fashion. He stepped back and regarded me with a suspicious gaze.

"Broke again?" the unsympathetic voice inquired, and walked out with an infuriating swagger. As the last straw I held my breath and sweetly asked my dear little brother if he would lend me a nominal sum. Naturally he needed the money for a much better reason than my vague "Christmas stuff." The situation was now getting desperate. Sadie's Soap ad had said there were only thirty more shopping days until Christmas.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I started to moan, when inspiration struck. Ah, inspiration, blinding and sudden.

"I'll enter that Sadie's Soap contest. Oh joy! Only a thousand soap wrappers and a slogan have to be sent in. Now let me see. Where are those wrappers?" I began a frantic search that left my room resembling a subway after the five o'clock rush. Drawers were yanked out, the closet ransacked, my bookcase stripped. At the end of the devastating hunt, not a sock was left uninvestigated nor a soap wrapper found. Then dear brother appeared in the doorway.

"Looking for something?" the little demon innocently inquired. Startled out of my daze, I happened to think. Where did sweet

pie get all of that money he so blandly displayed? And what had he been doing in my room two weeks ago? And where were my soap wrappers? The thoughts made a dim connection. I rushed at the defenseless child with a fiendish glint in my eye. Let us draw the cloak of charity over this ensuing scene.

Christmas Brotherhood

By Marilyn Case, '53

NOW that our merriest season is here again with its bustling last-minute shoppers, carolers singing in the streets, sleighs and their jingling bells, and all other pleasant scenes, we are apt to be so wrapped up in our own pleasures that we forget about those who are less fortunate than ourselves and those who are fighting to keep our treasured freedom. They too know that Christmas is here, but they are unable to experience the joyousness and happiness that is traditional of the holiday season. Over in Korea the soldiers like to be remembered, and a little card or gift goes a long way in helping to boost their morale. Although they won't see any trees decorated with popcorn and lights, and hear the singers, they might rather have a prayer for their safety and world-wide peace.

Here in our own country there are less fortunate ones also. Those who are too poor to afford it will have to go without Christmas as will those who are physically unable to participate in the festivity. But we can help them enjoy their Christmas if we extend a little of our spirit to them and help them feel that they are wanted, for nothing is more depressing than to be left out. Carry the spirit of giving in your heart and think of Him who spent his life for us in return for nothing but the satisfaction of bringing peace and help to the needy. Forget your own troubles for a while and be concerned only with those of others, be thankful for all that is yours whether large or small, and you surely will have the true Christmas spirit.

The Berkshire Playhouse

By Dante M. Fresia, Jr.



WHO is in the supporting cast?" This is a question asked numerous times during the past four years at the Berkshire Playhouse. The answer given is the names of actors and actresses, but I know that the real supporting cast is made up of the people behind the scenes. These are such people as the stage manager, the crew—which last summer included Tom Pincue and yours truly of Pittsfield—the electrician, who was Dick Pell also of Pittsfield, the technical director, prop girl, and wardrobe mistress who receive but expect little credit for the enormous job they do. The construction and decorating of the scenery requires the close-knit working of all these people. Let's find out just what does go on during the construction of the scenery at the Playhouse.

The first step in scenery construction is the designing of the set or sets. The designer, a man named Sid Litwack who graduated from U.S.C. and who has designed sets for M.G.M., reads over the play, making notes of props, special lighting, and other technical details; then he calls a meeting of the above mentioned people plus the dramatic director, to discuss the play and submit ideas on how the scenery could be designed to simplify the building, improve the lighting, and most important, reduce expenses. The designer is then allowed one day in which to design the

set or sets and usually makes four or five different sketches of each set before everyone is satisfied. He makes a copy of the plans for each of the crew, a "prop plot" for the prop girl, and a "lighting plot" for the electrician. As soon as the designer has finished these, another meeting is called. The plans are scrutinized by each member present, and minor changes are made. Bright and early the next morning the production of the scenery begins.

On the morning that the construction of the scenery is to begin, Charles Schulte, our technical director, who is known as "Mama" Schulte because of his excellent ability in the culinary art, meets with his carpenters, and scanning the plans he explains the short cuts that can be made to save time and useless waste of material. He then assigns the building of a flat or flats to each of his men. The frames of these are made first and reinforced by means of corner blocks (usually made of ply-wood). When finished the flats are tested for strength and provided with cleats and lash lines (these are used to keep the separate flats together on stage); and for identification each is stenciled with the abbreviated title of the play, number of the act and of the scene in which it is to be used. Canvas is then stuck to the frame by means of a special water resistant stage glue. There are many different kinds of flats, but they are all made in this manner.

Pieces in the round, such as tree trunks, are made of hollow cylinders of light lath, or frames covered with wire netting over which canvas is stretched and twisted. The leaves for trees are cut out of plain cardboard or starched canvas.

While the building of the scenery has been taking place, the designer, who at the Playhouse does the painting of the scenery,

has made a miniature setting, complete in every detail as far as appearance is concerned, constructed of cardboard, wood, cloth, and clay as required and painted in water colors or sometimes drawn in pastel. This enables him to work out the color scheme and designs he wants.

Before the set is painted, it has to be fire-proofed, and a basic white coat is put on. This coat is a mixture of stage or powdered glue, white pigment and distilled water. After this coat has dried, the designer and carpenters apply another coat which is a shade lighter than that of the finished coat. He may immediately add the designs and trim desired, which usually takes the rest of the day to do and is done "free hand".

Meanwhile the prop girl and wardrobe mistress have been hard at work. The prop girl has been scouring the county for the type of furniture needed, and the wardrobe mistress has been taking the measurements of the cast and making or ordering their costumes.

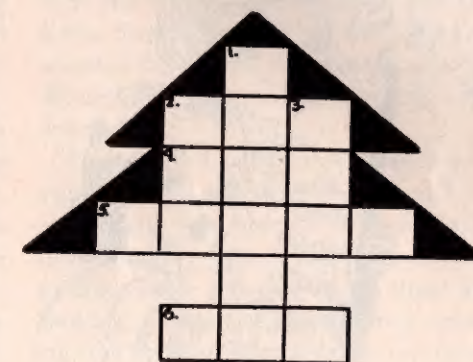
By Sunday morning, just five days after work started on the set, everything is completed; the scenery is brought down from the barn and put up on the stage; decorations, such as curtains, drapes, and mantels, are added to the set; and the furniture is placed on stage according to the "prop plot". When all this is finished the electrician, who has been helping in constructing the scenery, goes to work. He has to eliminate all the shadows and "hot spots" on the set and find color that will be complimentary to the set, costumes, furniture, and most of all, the cast. This is an all-day job.

The stars can walk confidently on stage opening night. They have an excellent supporting cast.

Next issue "Dress Rehearsal"

Christmas Tree Crossword

By Janet Lewis, '52



Across

2. To unearth
4. Christ was born in a stable, because the ——— was too crowded
5. Whose birthday is celebrated this month
6. Everyone

Down

1. Long silver pieces with which we deck our Christmas trees
2. Opposite of live
3. An antelope with a large ox-like head, curved horns, and long mane and tail

(Solution on page 23)

A CHRISTMAS IDYLL

By Kathleen McMahon, '54

Cool white snow blanketing the earth in serene stillness;
Sentinel street lights warming the dark night;
A faint tinkle of sleigh bells and merry voices;
Holly leaves and bright red ribbons.

Gay presents under a fairy tree;
Quiet music from the village church;
A brilliant star in the deep blue heavens;
Dark pines trimmed with sparkling crystal.

Smiling faces and shining eyes;
A spirit of faith, of truth, of love;
Once again the Christ Child comes;
Once again the earth knows peace.

Joy To The World

By Marlene Burns, '55



THE Christmas season has come and the whole world seems to reawaken. The church bells peal joyously from the high, white steeples, while from out of the distance float the songs of a merry band of red-nosed carolers, singing out the ancient but glorious news of the Christ Child's birth in Bethlehem as they travel from house to house guided only by the weak flame from the wax candle in their sturdy wrought iron lantern.

In the department stores, the people, their arms laden with heavy bundles, bustle from one gaily decorated counter to another in hopes of finding just the perfect gift for Aunt Maggie or Uncle John. The clerks, busy trying to serve the crowds, dart in and out of the stock room, their arms weighed down with boxes of Christmas finery, while the shoppers crowd eagerly around to see if this is the box of silk embroidered handkerchiefs or skating socks which Cousin Susie said she just adores. With the doors swinging merrily after them, the customers leave the bursting stores con-

tented with the thought that this is just the gift they have been looking for.

A street corner Santa, his pillows sagging dreadfully, stands staunchly beside their black iron pots valiantly ringing the bells whose sound will steal into the heart of even the most hard-boiled Christmas shopper. Soon the pot begins to fill, and through the generosity of the passing throng of shoppers, the pot is emptied and the Santa moves on to another post knowing that Joe, or Santa number two, is eager to move into this thriving spot.

The hands of the clock slip around rapidly and the overflowing parking lot empties gradually as more and more enthusiastic shoppers empty their purchases into the back seat, happy at the thought of having a most productive evening, and with a slam of doors and chug of motor, leave the black-topped lot eager to reach home and triumphantly show the family their prizes. The cars move swiftly, but somewhat grudgingly down the road, making the curve and disappearing into the brisk, black night.

One by one the stores empty, and soon all is still; even the Santa Clauses have reluctantly departed. The lights dim, and the night watchman comes on duty, pleased at the prospect of trimming the tree when his watch is over.

Soon the night takes on a deadly silence, and the wind begins to grow sharper, slapping the houses and wiggling the dull, naked trees which stand forlornly in the square. Somewhere, however, a keen ear can detect the voices of the happy carolers, still along the way, and as the lights fade away in the houses the doors are softly shut. All are asleep, ecstatically happy because this is Christmas and as you stand there in the moonlight, you can hear the carolers finish their beautiful melody with these words: "All is calm, All is bright."

Winter's Herald

By Janet Lewis, '52

IT was on a very still night in late November that I sat by the window looking at the dreary scene outside. The bare ground and the leafless trees stood out plain and uninteresting in the half glow of the moon.

How strange I thought that at such a late date there was no snow to brighten up the scene by reflecting the moonlight. If only . . . Then I looked upward. Not a star could be seen, and the moon itself was covered with a cobweb of grey cloud.

"Oh, joy!" I gasped. "Can those be snow clouds?" Something small glided past the window. I jumped from my chair, snapped on the back-door light, and hastened outside.

The cold air nipped my nose, but I hardly felt it, for my main interest was in the tiny bits of icy fluff that were drifting down from the blue vault of the heavens. Snow! The herald of winter had come at last to robe the drab world in a mantle of gleaming white.

A feeling of awe descended on me as I was reminded that each little snowflake was a miracle in itself, each with its own feathery pattern, no two alike. How wonderful it would be to see one of them enlarged under a microscope that I might study it perfectly. God in his judgment often makes the little things of life the most beautiful: flower parts, feathers, crystals, butterflies, and the snowflake.

I then became mindful of the cold and went inside to watch the snow from the window.

The ground seemed to cry for a coverlet and the snow came faster, as if to answer its request. The cold trees called out too, and it kissed their outstretched arms and covered them. Faster and faster, yet, oh, so gently, the snow laid its clean white blanket on everything in its path. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night, and winter's messenger went about its work undisturbed.

Then the moon broke through the clouds

and illuminated a changed world. The moonlight and the falling snowflakes were like fairies dancing through the air. Even as I watched the illusion with sleepy eyes, King Winter tirelessly sent his sparkling cotton downward.

I went to bed, but tired as I was could not manage to fall asleep. From where I lay I could easily see outdoors through the bedroom window. The dainty fairies continued to dance in the soft glow of the street light. Swirling, whirling, glistening ever descending, the snow weighted the fir tree boughs down to the ground.

I shut my eyes and imagined what the earth would be like when the sun came up. I could see his golden smile filling the world with glory as the world, like a mirror, reflected it back into the sky, and I could see the happy faces of the children when they looked out upon a scene of snowdrifts that King Winter had sent the night before.



SHALL I SEE SANTA?

By Janet Lewis, '52

"Shall I see Santa, Mama?"

A little child said

With wondering eyes that Christmas eve,
As he was tucked in bed.

"Oh yes, my sweet," she answered,
"For if you don't, who will see

The jolly man in red and white,
As he stands beneath our tree?"

"For only youth can see him,"
She said then to herself,

"As grown-up's eyes are clouded
By their worries and search for wealth.

And though some day your youth will go,
As from all it must depart,

The spirit of Christmas, Santa,
Will live on within your heart."

The Meaning of Christmas

By Kathleen McMahon, '54



WHAT does Christmas really mean to you? Is it just a season of sleigh rides, presents and Christmas parties, or does it have a deeper, truer meaning? How often do we stop to think that our custom of giving presents is just an imitation of the Three Wise Men who brought their gifts to Christ on the first Christmas?

Have you ever really listened to the words of Christmas carols? Joy is the recurring theme in most of them. Not joy because you received that beautiful fuzzy angora sweater you dreamed about, or those sharp argyle socks, but a deep everlasting joy because Christ, the Saviour, has come again to redeem the world. Or perhaps you have gone to church on a snowy evening near Christmas and felt so close to God you could almost see Him. The flickering candles seem to illuminate, not a stone image of a child in a manger, but a living, breathing Child Who must bear on His shoulders the cares of the world.

Doesn't it seem to you that at Christmas the world comes nearer to peace than at any other time of the year? Somehow you feel more like speaking to everyone, more like doing what other people prefer to do, more

like acting as you wish you could all year round.

During the Christmas season take a walk by yourself. Forget the hustle and bustle of last minute shopping, of feverish package wrapping. Let the snow fall in your hair and eyes. Think of an evening in Bethlehem, two thousand years ago, when a Child was born in a rude stable. Think of how great a burden He carried in life and then think of your free life. Then you will know the real meaning of Christmas.

THE REASON'S THE SEASON!

By Sandra Rabiner, '54

With a hustle, a bustle, a shove and a pull,
With my kerchief half off and my arms more
than full,
I waddle, I wriggle, I push my way through,
And at journey's end sigh an exhausted, "Oh
Phew?"

I race for the "Elm" and just as it leaves,
Feel a few icy fingers glide down my poor
sleeves.
My feet—they don't mind this weather at
all!
They're just too numb and brave to bawl!

I dream of a taxi, whoops!—there goes my
bus
Oh, what's the use, now that I'm ready to
cuss?
Well, here comes my buddy in his old "Model
T."
The wipers don't work; wonder how he can
see!

So now I'm in bed with my syrups and pills,
Trying to cure all my pre-Christmas ills.
Rush, hustle, and bustle away past all reason;
But gosh! Isn't this the most wonderful
season?

The Spirit of Christmas

By Katharine Maguire, '54

IT was Christmas Eve, and all through that rushing city the beautiful Christmas lights shone brightly. Colorful trees were raised in public places for the people to admire and enjoy; church bells rang out the sweet, familiar carols; the air had a sharp, bitter tang; and just outside the business districts everywhere the soft snow blanketed the ground. Rushing crowds of last-minute-shoppers thronged about—one hundred thousand persons each alike in being a part of that mob, and yet each wrapped in his own ideas, intent upon his individual desires. Everywhere the wonderful joy of giving, the excitement and spirit of Christmas prevailed.

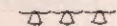
But the bustle of Christmas preparations made no impression upon Ellen Harmond, one inhabitant of that city. Her loneliness, her feeling of "not belonging" seemed more than ever intensified by the busy, holiday excitement and activity which surrounded her. It was a full seven months ago her mother had died—seven months ago she had come to the city to live with her Aunt Mary. Of course, Aunt Mary had tried to be understanding, but it had been so hard to adjust herself to her new high school.

Her father, whose business took him out of town most of the time, visited occasionally but his visits only tended to increase her homesickness. Somehow, Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without Mother.

Shortly after supper, Ellen slipped out of the house and restlessly wandered up to look at the Christmas display in the window of one of the big department stores nearby and was soon enclosed by the milling crowd. Standing before the sparkling Christmas tree and miniature Santa Claus and reindeer, she heard a small sob at her elbow and, looking down, saw a very small boy clad in a warm snowsuit, with big tears rolling down his fat cheeks. He seemed to be completely by himself. Poor little thing! she thought. He

must have been separated from his mother by the crowd. Upon her inquiry, the little boy said that his name was Bobby; he didn't have any other name—or so he claimed.) Further investigation revealed that he didn't know where he lived. Ellen waited with him for a few minutes to see if anyone would come and claim him. Then, deciding this hopeless, she took Bobby by the hand and firmly led him to the nearest police station.

There she telephoned Aunt Mary to explain the situation to her and waited with Bobby for the appearance of his missing parent. An hour, two hours slowly crept by. Bobby had fallen asleep on her lap. Suddenly, a small, anxious-looking woman hurried into the room. "Oh, Bobby!" she cried, seeing the child, "I'm so glad you're all right. I was so worried." She lifted Bobby, still sleeping, into her arms. Then she looked first at Ellen and then at the desk sergeant for explanation. The sergeant told her about how Ellen had found Bobby. The woman turned gratefully to Ellen and said with feeling, "Thank you so much!" Ellen smiled back at her, feeling a wonderful glow of happiness. Everything seemed all right now. She was filled with Christmas joy.



CHRISTMAS SCENES

By Marilyn Case, '53

The Christmas tree with each shining light
The new white snow and a moonlit night
The shadows prancing here and there
The Christmas songs which fill the air
The tinkling bells on the horse-drawn sleigh
The shoppers bustling on their way
The presents tied in bright red bows
And Santa Claus's shiny nose
The stockings hung by the chimney way
To be filled with toys for Christmas day
The happy faces that glow and shine
All tell us this is Christmas time.

CAREER CORNER



MISS CHRISTINE DONNA

"A lawyer's time and advice are his stock in trade"

LINCOLN'S quotation which hangs on the wall of lawyer Christine Donna's office speaks for itself. Miss Donna is associated with her father, John I. Donna, and her three brothers in the practice of law.

She is a 1942 Pro Merito graduate of Pittsfield High School where she took the college preparatory course. In September of 1942, Miss Donna entered Barnard College, Columbia University, New York City. There she majored in government and history. It was during her junior year that she first began seriously to consider the law as a career. In the summer of 1945, the summer after her third year, she worked in her father's office and found that she had a distinct liking for law. Yet, Miss Donna did not make the definite decision to follow a legal profession until her senior year.

As a result of her resolution, Christine had to miss her own college graduation in 1946. Since she wished to attend the Boston University Law School, she was obliged to

take a few of her final examinations at Barnard earlier than scheduled, because classes at the law school started near the end of May. The war had been over for only a short time and as many veterans were starting law courses, Boston University had adopted an accelerated course for those who wished to complete their studies at an earlier date. Miss Donna took the accelerated course which included attending school during the summer. Thus she graduated in two years instead of the usual three.

In a class of 40 at the law school, there were sometimes only two girls. Some classes consisted of 100 students of which only six or eight were girls. Part of the training was to prepare and present a case in the school's Moot Court. The students would make up their own case, plead it, and if necessary, appeal it. Students acted as witnesses, and a prominent man from Boston or the surrounding area, usually a judge or lawyer, would give his time to hear the case.

While at Boston University, Miss Donna belonged to the legal sorority Lambda Delta Pi. This sorority was the first established at the law school on non-sectarian principles.

After graduation in June of 1948, she returned to Boston that fall to take a "bar review course" in preparation for the Massachusetts Bar examination in December of that year. Four months after the examination, she was sworn in, at Boston, and then she began her practice. Miss Donna has now been practicing law for two and one-half years.

Her hours are usually from 9:00 A. M. to 4:30 or 5:00 P. M. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to work after hours, in the evening or on Sundays.

She is well satisfied with her choice of profession which she finds very interesting and extremely diversified. People have various problems which often differ widely. Solitude is there a dull moment.

In her spare time, Christine Donna follows her main hobby of photography. Her interest in taking pictures extends from "still" ones to movies, but she prefers to concentrate on taking still pictures. Another thing that occupies her extra time is sewing. This she does only when really "in the mood." She also enjoys watching sports, especially baseball games. She is a faithful "Yankee" fan.

When asked about her advice to prospective lawyers, boys or girls, Miss Donna recommended that students maintain as high an average as possible. This helps greatly in the long run. It is necessary to attend college for a minimum of two years before going to law school. Some schools condition entrance on four full years at college. If, while in college, any courses correlated to the study of law are offered, she suggests that they be taken. It is for each individual to determine whether he wishes to take two or four years. But, if uncertain, Miss Donna advises that four years be taken if possible. This will enable a student to make the right decision about his profession.

Miss Donna extends "Every success to those who choose law as a career."

1950 GRADUATES REPORT

On the basis of returns on the questionnaires out for 1950 graduates of Pittsfield High School, the students who are now attending college advise other College Preparatory students to give special attention to their English and Math.

They also say, "Don't be afraid to ask questions in class or to request some extra help."

This goes for all pupils in all courses. Those who are not attending college and have jobs realize the importance of English courses, too. Study will prove to be of great value to all.

But one of the biggest problems of high school students is that of study and study habits. Here are some suggestions:

1. Know your assignment.
2. Find a good place to study.
3. Get your material lined up.
4. Keep to a definite schedule.
5. Plan to study your subjects in a certain order.
6. Try hard not to let your mind wander.
7. Be active while you study; investigate words you cannot define; talk about what you've read.
8. Take time to think; think in your own words about what you have studied.

Give some thought to your study habits and try to find ways of improving them. If you think you need help in reading or in some other subject, do something about getting that help now. After graduation, it will be difficult to get the aid that is available to all Pittsfield High School students now.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Anyone needing scholarship aid should see his counselor immediately. A high scholastic record is necessary and extra-curricular activities are also important. The dates for college entrance board examinations are January 12, March 15, and May 17. However, if you are working for a scholarship, it is advised that you take the tests in January as colleges use college boards as reference in awarding scholarships.

NEW STUDENT

We would like to welcome to Pittsfield High Bernard Dunn, who arrived here on October 23rd from Windsor, Canada. Four years ago he came over from London, England. We have not had a chance to find out what he thinks about P.H.S., but we are happy to have him as the third member of the student body who hails from the British Isles.

WHO'S WHO



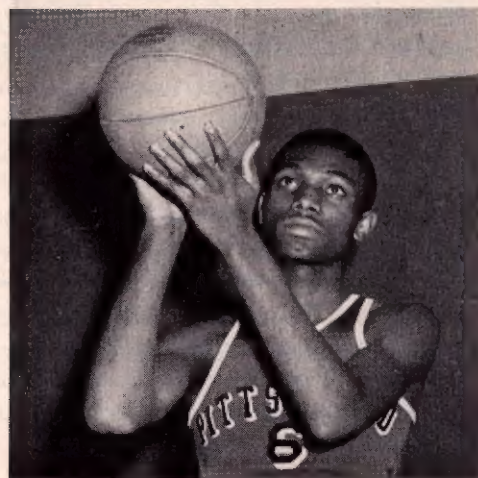
EDITOR

It is our pleasure to present Muriel Daniels editor-in-chief of the yearbook. Muriel may be found in the halls before school lecturing to her committee on why they should be working harder. (I should know.) Muriel's pet peeve is the Giants and Bobby Thompson. (Could this be because Bobby hit the homer that cost the Dodgers the pennant?) Her activities include THE STUDENT'S PEN (she is the editor of essays), Girls' Glee Club, and several of the sports carried on in the girls' gym. Muriel's ambition is to write the sequel to "Forever Amber". She plans to enter the University of Massachusetts in the fall and major in journalism. Good luck, Muriel.

"BOBBIE" AND "ART"

No introduction is needed for these two active and very busy seniors, Barbara Lipari and Arthur Bailey, who are co-chairmen of the Cap and Gown Committee. Bobbie is also on the Senior Class Council, a homeroom treasurer, and co-captain of the Senior Field Hockey Team. Art is a member of the Senior Class Council, Student Council, and the Who's Who committee for the Yearbook.

Bobbie has no definite plans for the future and Art is planning on attending college. "Good Luck, Kids."



CAPTAIN

Students, meet Jimmie Williamson, the captain of our basketball team. Jimmie is an easy going boy who agrees with just about everything—except Yankee fans.

In his spare time, he shoots pool, and does his homework. His favorite subject is psychology.

Jimmie sums up his personal opinion of the female sex with two words—"Hubba Hubba!"

As yet, his after graduation plans are undetermined, but as he follows his favorite sport (basketball) so closely, maybe he will further his talent in that line.

December, 1951

17

CO-CHAIRMEN

Calling all seniors! Beware of two, Deb Carley and Paula Coughlin, on the lookout for yearbook pictures and write-ups. Yes, Paula and Deb are the Who's Who Co-Chairmen on the Yearbook Staff. But they're quite harmless. Deb never engages in anything more mischievous (heh! heh!) than knitting, although she enjoys skiing, swimming, and playing tennis very much. Paula, too, participates in a number of sports, namely, skiing, field hockey, bowling, and volleyball. Other than the yearbook staff, the girls belong to the Glee Club and Alpha-Tri-Hi-Y, of which Deb is the president. Paula is also our PEN Girls' Sports Editor.



"VEEP"

One of the most popular girls in the Senior Class and throughout the student body is our own Mary Lou Moser. Aside from being vice president of the senior class, a member of the Student Council, Senior Class Council, Alpha Tri Hi-Y, advertising staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN, and co-chairman of the senior class operetta, Mary Lou finds time to be a most intelligent girl in school work.

Anyone who has seen her in the cheering section at all the games would know at a glance that football is tops with her. (Naturally!) Mary Lou's pet peeve is superstition, but her favorite sign is "LEO" the Lion.



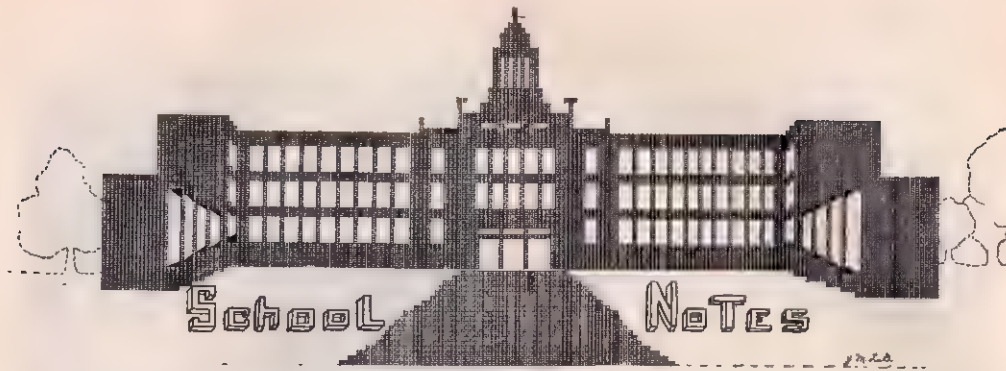
"GLOCKENSPIEL"

Meet active 6 ft. 3 senior, Carl Maynard. Besides being sports editor of THE PEN, Carl's activities include the band (where we know him as the hungriest of the "Hungry Five") and orchestra, and playing his bassoon in the Berkshire Symphony Orchestra. He is president of the Do-si-Does Fellowship, and also on the P.H.S. skiing team.

Carl's hobby centers around playing his glockenspiel (the reason for his unusual nickname), but his favorite pastime is skiing.

Carl's plans include college and an electrical engineering career. Well, all that is left for us to say, is that we wish the best of luck to a wonderful person, Carl Maynard.





Peggy Navin, Editor

Phyllis Martin, Dorothy McMurphy, Meta Miller, Anne Everest, Joan Sutton, Patricia Smith, Judy Feder, Wilma Hooper, Sondra Sable, Jo Anne Soldato, Katherine Czeran, Homer May, Mary Bolotin, Shirley Peach, Mary Ellen Da Silva, Robert Schwager, Bill Ryall, Mary Mackey, Rita Makey

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The Christmas Program this year is quite different from other years. It is in tableau form with music by the Girls' Glee Club, assisted in several selections by the Boys' and Junior High Glee Clubs.

It is called the "Christmas Mystery", a medieval written by Dr. Howard McKinney, a world famous musicalogist, and is based on authentic music material from the eleventh through seventeenth centuries. Mr. Morton Wayne, the music supervisor, is director; Mr. James Conry is preparing the stage settings, and Connie Willis is the accompanist. All evidence points to a great success.

JUNIOR CLASS PRIMARIES

Bright posters and tags bearing everything from hangers to tootsie rolls heralded the coming of the Junior Class primaries, held on November 2nd. Balloting was done in the home rooms, as the voting machines were sealed for the city elections.

The results were as follows: for president, John Thompson and Robert Prentiss; girls' vice president, Carolyn Gilbert and Anne Shields; boys' vice president, Larry Bossidy and Frank Reid; secretary, Mary Patella and Nancy Albano; treasurer, Rita Spadafora and Barbara Kryznowski.

The final elections will be held in January.

TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

All of the Tri-Hi-Y Clubs have been as busy as usual with their various activities.

Alpha had as its Thanksgiving project the giving of a basket of food, including a turkey, to a needy family. For Christmas the club gave a party for under-privileged children. The girls of the two clubs, Alpha and Beta, enjoyed listening to a very interesting talk given by Miss Parker.

In November Beta had a very enjoyable tour through the local radio station WBEC. For Christmas Beta had two projects. The girls repainted and mended toys for the children of the Day Nursery. Also they sent gift packages to children of the New England Home for Little Wanderers.

Delta's Christmas dance held on December 8 was a great success. It very appropriately was called the Holly Hop.

Another very successful dance this year was the Victory Dance sponsored by Gamma. It was held November 12 at the Masonic Temple to accommodate the large crowd. Jill Farr as its chairman did a wonderful job. This club also sent Christmas packages to two needy families.

Sigma, as its Christmas project, gave the crippled children a party complete with gifts, ice cream, and movies.

BAND

This year the band has started earlier than usual on concert music. This concert, given in May, is the band's highlight of the year. A variety of selections, many of which will be played at the concert, has been chosen. Among these is the "Pavine", made famous by the Michigan State Band; the famous classic number "Kom, Susser Tod," (Come Sweet Death); and the score from Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate."

ORCHESTRA

Under the able direction of the new music supervisor, Mr. Morton Wayne, the thirty-five ambitious members of our orchestra have been practicing for coming events of a busy year. Among these are included the all-state orchestra, the Christmas program, the Western Massachusetts Music Festival, the senior operetta, and their own concert. The orchestra is small, and there is a great need for string players. Anyone who can play a string instrument would be welcomed.

THE HUNGRY FIVE

Among the musical organizations in the high school there has appeared a staunch band, composed of seven members, and called the "Hungry Five". The members are Carl Maynard, John Howe, Ronald Hebert, Martin Connors, Donald Kessler, Bill Ryall, and Brad Bowers. This group of P.H.S. band players did a splendid job at one of our football assemblies. They also played for the Teachers' Convention in October. Anyone who needs musical entertainment for an evening would do well to get in contact with this ambitious group of musicians.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

At the last meeting of the Senior Class Council Mary Lou Moser and Dick Williams were elected co-chairmen of the Senior operetta. The production of "Red Mill" will be presented on May first and second. Mr. Wayne announced that tryouts are soon to be started.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

As strange as it may seem, not only the seniors and juniors make New Year's Resolutions, but sophomores do too! !!! Here are some examples:

JOANN and JEAN MANCIVILANO—Not to fight with my sister any more.

BOB STORIE—To be late only one day a week.

"TOOT" BAREA—To learn to play chess.

BILL VARANKA—To be "Mary" ied.

ANNE SHIELDS—To clean up with 'Lar'yngitis.

STEVE TRAHANAS—To make every month "June."

"BATESY" WOJTKOWSKI—To keep a New Year's Resolution.

BRUCE SYMANOWICZ—To study?

"SANDY" RABINER—To follow in Marion Bellanger's footsteps!

CRAIG VIALE—Not to go any lower than the bottom of the "C".

RUTH BONDINI—To "Bob" around all year.

MARY PATELLA—I make a lot of resolutions, but—I Can Dream, Can't I?

JACK BRENNAN—No broken bones in '52.

P.H.S.—ST. JOE RALLY

Great enthusiasm and school spirit was aroused in the student body during the P.H.S.-St. Joseph's rally on October 9. After a pep talk by Coach Fox, "Augie" Marra, a former football player for our Pittsfield High School, was introduced by Mr. Strout. The student body listened intently to Augie as he recalled his high school football days. His speech gave great spirit to the team.

Our snappy cheerleaders did a fine job on introducing two new cheers. The able assistance of our band was given heartily to "Now's the Time". Their specialty was a moving rendition of the Bells of St. Mary's.

We, the student body, would like to thank everyone who made these football rallies possible; for without these rallies the newcomers to Pittsfield High would never have known what real school spirit is, and the seniors would surely have missed the spirit that they have been used to.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Front row, left to right—James Ditello, Bruce Symanowicz, Shirley Hunt, and John Brennan; second row—Anne Shields, Joan Stumpek, Marlene Burns, Irma DiCroce, Mary Gabriel, Mary Lou Moser, and Shirley Bartini; back row—Michael Tully, Thomas Bossidy, Collins Pomeroy, John Thompson, Elio Morris, Arthur Bailey and Leo Gilson.

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The results of the Student Council elections are as follows: seniors—Shirley Bartini, Gerry Giard, Carol Harmon, Mary Lou Moser, Joan Stumpek, Arthur Bailey, John Brennan, Leo Gilson, Elio Morris, Bruce Symanowicz; juniors—Mary Gabriel, Shirley Hunt, Anne Shields, Thomas Bossidy, Collins Pomeroy, John Thompson; sophomores—Irma DiCroce, Judy Spofford, James Ditello, Joseph Spadafora; freshmen—Marlene Burns, Michael Tully.

The officers chosen to lead this important body of student government are Bruce Symanowicz, president; John Brennan, vice president; Shirley Hunt, secretary; James Ditello, assistant secretary.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The pictures discussed in the November meeting were "A Song to Remember" by

Nancy De Witt; "Desert Fox" by Roger Healy; "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" by Bob Spring; "Texas Carnival" by Mary Bolotin.

The club's pictures for the next meeting are "The Day the Earth Stood Still", "Journey Into Light", "No Highway in the Sky", "Love Nest", "Detective Story", "Let's Make It Legal", and "A Millionaire for Christy."

GENERAL VOCATIONAL

The following officers were elected in the general Vocational School for 1951-1952: group one—president, William Chadwell; vice president, Joseph Bilotta; secretary, Arthur Dietlan; group two—president, Robert Kirby; vice president, James Spencer; secretary, Donald Bienvenue; and group three—president, Charles Tyler; vice president, Robert Salvarini; secretary, Stephen Budrow.

During fire prevention week the General Vocational boys went up to the new Peck's Road Fire Station. There we met Captain Joseph Coy, who led us through the building.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

Mr. Joseph Varanka, the Auto Mechanic instructor, after 11 years of service has decided to leave the Pittsfield vocational school to open his own auto mechanic shop in which he plans to specialize in carburetor and ignition work. He will be leaving some time before December 1st. One of Mr. Varanka's favorite pastimes is football and basketball. He is a registered official and officiated at the Junior High All Star game. Judging by his skill and service in Pittsfield High, we feel that he will become a success in his new venture, and we all wish him good luck.

The vocational department has adopted a new program for seniors who have had two years of training in their trade. It is called Cooperative Industrial Occupations Training. This program utilizes the facilities of industrial plants. Young people enrolled in these courses obtain supervised on-the-job training through part-time employment while receiving pay for work done. Approximately one-half of the students' time is spent on the job and half in school. Their schedules are arranged so that they may attend school one week and work the next. Under this arrangement it is possible for two boys to hold the same job.

The employers also have certain responsibilities, such as notifying the school of the students' progress. The school benefits by this program because of the low cost training and close relationships between the school and industrial leaders. The students as well as the teachers find this a very worth-while project.

The cabinet-making and sheet metal shops are turning out many things for the new elementary schools and cafeterias, such as tables, benches and cabinets.



MEET THE FACULTY

An altogether friendly man is our favorite teacher this month, Mr. Arthur B. Phinney. He can most often be found either in B9 or in Room 141. A graduate of Pittsfield High School in 1937, Mr. Phinney attended Purdue University, where he majored in engineering to obtain his degree in engineering.

This amiable teacher worked at the General Electric Company and in an aircraft company before coming to teach at Pittsfield High. He mentioned how well he enjoys teaching and the opportunity to be with people. Among the several subjects taught by Mr. Phinney during his recent years here are geometry, senior math, mechanics, and physics.

His leisure time is spent "working on his old house" and keeping up with his three children. The outdoors (especially hiking) is his main hobby. Mr. Phinney's attention is not particularly drawn to formal sports, but he does enjoy those open for all. With all these activities I am sure he is kept very busy all the time.

"In choosing an occupation, I think it is more important to consider first its value to society rather than the amount of income and pleasure for oneself"—these words reveal Mr. Phinney's attitude towards future life for students.

TECHNICAL NEWS

Two of our classmates, Dick Babillis and Jack Campbell, made their first appearance on television on October 12 over WRGB. They participated with six other boys and girls in a square dance act on the Teen Age Barn program. This group was selected because of their outstanding performance at the Middlefield Fair. Reports from TV viewers in this area indicate that this act was very favorably received.

Chuck Furciniti is the Technical reporter from the Senior Class. He has reported that in an attempt to help us make that extremely important decision of which college to choose, several speakers have come to Pittsfield High from different schools. Although each is partial to the college he represents, he generally manages to acquaint the students with interesting information about what to expect on the campus. Tufts, MIT, Clarkson, and Northeastern have already sent their representatives.

Walter Whitman, the sophomore class reporter, told us that the sophomore division was fortunate in having Mr. George Bulgarelli from the Pittsfield Weather Bureau as a speaker early in November. He explained why we had that unexpected slippery weather which was an early introduction to winter. At the time the eastern states were quite cold. In the South around the Carolinas, a small storm developed, grew larger, and moved northward toward New England. Mr. Bulgarelli gave details on the dew point of water vapor. The dew point is generally the lowest temperature at which a cloud is able to hold water vapor without precipitating in the form of rain, snow, or sleet.

Mr. Bulgarelli brought some weather instruments with him that he had found after the war in Japan. One of them was a radiosonde, which records the weather at relatively high altitudes above the earth.

The Mechanical Laboratory has just received a precision instrument called a universal testing machine. This instrument is

used for testing the tensile strength of all materials. It is capable of putting tension of 10,000 pounds on the object to be tested. The testing machine is used to determine the point at which the material will be pulled apart. That point is called its ultimate tensile strength. By means of the machine, we shall be able to test materials as they are tested in industry.

The Junior Class had its first speaker November 8. Mr. William Goggins, district highway engineer of the State Highway Department, told of the proposed construction of Route 102. Using several large maps and a long aerial photograph of the area on which the highway is to be built, he explained the initial steps in planning and construction.

Mr. Cohen, an associate of Mr. Goggins in the Highway Department, told us about many problems which are encountered in the initial construction. One problem is determining the depth of soil and at what depth rock will be struck. In determining where different layers of rock and soil, called strata, occur, they use seismographs and geophones, used in detecting sound waves in rock.

Mr. Goggins told us about the educational requirements of a civil engineer. Mr. Cohen, who is a recent graduate, also told us about the work of a civil engineer and the approximate salary one can expect.

SOLUTION TO
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Eileen Zimmel, '48, a senior at Bridgewater State Teachers College, has been elected to the Kappa Delta Pi, a national honor society in education. Eileen is president of the Menorah Club and secretary of the kindergarten club.

Edward Kanter, '49, has enlisted in the Air Force and is taking basic training at Sampson AFB, Geneva, N. Y.

Anthony Shannon, '47, has received an Army commendation for outstanding performance in Korea.

Carl Lunde, '49, a sophomore at Pennsylvania State College, has been elected president of his pledge class in Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

Robert Shook, '51, has enlisted in the Navy and has been assigned to Bainbridge, Md., for boot training.

Carolyn Wagner, '51, was elected secretary-treasurer of the freshman class at the Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education.

John (Whitey) Hart, '49, played a guard position for the Amherst College freshman football team which defeated Andover Academy 34-13. Whitey was All-Berkshire guard at Pittsfield High in 1949.

Glen Hoag, '51, has entered Champlain College, Plattsburg, N. Y. Glen was active in sports and was in the senior class play.

Francis Messer, '50, has enlisted in the Navy and has taken boot training at Newport, R. I.

Edward Sisson, '48, has reported for duty at the Naval Auxiliary Station, Kinpville, Texas.

Marilyn Thompson, '50, has been named to the spring semester dean's list at the Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education. Marilyn, a sophomore at Bouve, is student fellowship officer of her class.

Anthony Carnevale has been advanced in rating to yeoman seaman as the result of an examination. Anthony entered the Navy March 1950 and received his training at Great Lakes, Ill.

Faith Whiting, '50, former editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, is a staff reporter for "The Bates Student", newspaper at Bates College.

Robert Reagan, president of the class of '51, a freshman at the University of Massachusetts, has been elected to represent his dormitory on the school's student council.

Alma and Claire Rosenfield, '48, have been nominated to the Smith College dean's list, an honor accorded students who have maintained an average of "B" or higher during the past academic year. Barbara Silver, '50, has been nominated also.

Diane Fairs, '51, has qualified as a member of the women's glee club at Vermont Junior College.

Edward Grady has been promoted from fireman first class to engineman third class in the United States Navy. Edward won a letter in football at Pittsfield High.

opening kick-off. Forced to punt on fourth down, the Cathedral kicker got off a good boot. The wet ball slipped from the safety man's frozen fingers at the two-yard line and bounded into the end zone. By the time Chuck Garivaltis could gain control of the elusive ball the Cathedral team was closing in on him and trapped him behind the goal line.

Pittsfield checked the out-of-towners for the remainder of the half, but in the third period quarterback Don McCarthy pitched to Don Denault in the right flat. Snagging the ball at the mid-field stripe, Denault side-stepped several Pittsfield tacklers and streaked into his end zone for a touchdown. Tommy Thompson's rush for the extra point was successful, giving Cathedral a 9-0 lead.

It looked as though that was going to be the final score until, with six minutes left in the final period, John Fiorini scampered fifty-one yards for the Purple's only touchdown. Taking the ball on his own forty-nine, Fiorini knifed into the right side of the line, between guard and tackle, shook off two line-backers, and breezed the rest of the way. Lou Sweeney's placement split the uprights, paring Cathedral's lead down to the original two points.

It appeared that Pittsfield might turn the trick in the final minutes of the game. Chuck Garivaltis' twisting twenty-yard punt return set the ball on the Cathedral forty-nine. Thirty yards in penalties for unnecessary roughness gave Pittsfield a first down on the sixteen. With fourth down—five on the eleven-yard line, Pittsfield elected to pass but the toss was short and Denault, Springfield's man-of-the-hour, intercepted on the five and returned the ball to the twenty-two. Cathedral retained possession for the rest of the game.

AGAWAM ROMPS OVER P. H. S. 25-0 By Carl Maynard '52

Pittsfield High's fighting football team took its worst beating of the year on October 27th in losing to a team that must have had a total

weight almost twice that of the Pittsfield team. Agawam's powerhouse football team literally walked over the smaller but stubborn Pittsfield team by a score of 25 to 0.

As usual, P. H. S. started right out asserting itself by marching to three successive first downs. However, there ended all Pittsfield's ground gains for that afternoon, for after that first drive Pittsfield was slowed right down to a walk. The Purple and White completed only one pass and gained only 158 yards on the ground.

All four touchdowns for the winners were scored after sustained ground drives of 65, 72, 69, and 73 yards. As usual, Garivaltis was our biggest ground gainer.

After the game, Jack Brennan, injured quarterback, had this opinion to offer, "Despite the lopsided score the Pittsfield boys played their usual excellent game of football."

P. H. S. OUTCLASSES ST. JOE, 12-0

By Bob Strelin

Led by the brilliant running of fullback Frank Reid, Pittsfield High brought to a close its 1951 football season by retiring St. Joseph's of Pittsfield, 12-0, on November 12 at Wahconah Park. The game, the thirty-second in the annual city series, was witnessed by 4500 spectators. Of the thirty-two games played, Pittsfield has won twenty-one; St. Joe, six, and five have been ties. The victory also gave the Purple a triple-tie for the county championship along with Drury and Adams.

Reid was far and away the offensive star of the afternoon. He rolled up substantial gains on almost every carry, averaging 10.7 yards on each of his eighteen tries.

It was Frank who got the ball rolling late in the second period as he intercepted a pass by Don Anderson, St. Joe's captain. Three running plays netted twenty-three yards and on the fourth play from scrimmage, Reid smacked into the left side of the line, broke into the clear, and scampered forty-one yards to a touchdown. The only other score came



Chuck Garivaltis is brought down by Don Anderson and Chuck Custer of St. Joseph's, while Jack Thompson (20), Frank Reid (27), Jerry Rufo (26), Sammy Adornetto (23), and Bob Elworthy (22) look on.

in the fourth quarter, as Johnny Fiorini, who has been a great runner all year, culminated a forty-five yard advance, cracking over from the four. Both placements were wide.

On the whole, St. Joe was completely outclassed. If not for several bad breaks, Pittsfield might have won by five or six touchdowns. A number of fumbles in St. Joe's territory erased possible scoring chances and a thirty-four yard scoring dash by Fiorini was nullified by a holding penalty.

St. Joe's deepest penetration was to the Pittsfield thirty-four where they were stopped. Successful rushing by the line silenced Don Anderson's highly touted passing arm. Anderson completed only four passes in sixteen attempts.

End Leo Gilson made several vicious tackles and played a stellar all-around defensive game in the line.

After the game, Reid and tackle Jerry Rufo were elected co-captains of the 1952 squad, officially bringing to an end Pittsfield High's 1951 football season.

NORTHERN BEAT SOUTHERN, 12-0

By Steve Budrow

The Northern All-Stars took the annual Tackle Football game by the score of 12-0 at Wahconah Park before 1800 spectators mostly junior high and high school students. The first score came late in the second period on a 11-yard scoring run around left end by Dick Rufo of Central 9th grade. The half-time ceremonies were put on by the Junior High Band under the direction of George Fulginiti. In the fourth quarter a pass play by Dick Rufo to the 6-foot end Billy Matthews in the end zone was good for another touchdown. The Northern squad had ten first downs for 150 yards. The Southern team got only 1 first down, this together with several losses for a total of minus 19 yards. Dick Rufo and Bill Matthews, both of Central and Al Clayson, Plunkett boy, played well for the Northern. Dick Chapman and Wendling played well for the losers.

Girls' Sports

FIELD HOCKEY

Although skiers may rejoice, the early snow brought only sorrow to the field hockey enthusiasts. Game after game was postponed because of rain, mud puddles, and lastly, snow. Finally, some of the games were played despite freezing weather. When this was written, the girls could almost have played ice hockey!

The sophomores, captained by Judy Spoford, had one more game to play with the seniors. Although they had lost all their games thus far, they had often threatened to upset the two other teams with their constantly improving technique. The members of the sophomore team are Helen Noon, Jane Lundberg, Kristine Bonnivier, Katy MacCarthy, Barbara Dellert, Carolyn Turner, Shirley Miller, Kathy Maguire, Marion Root, Lois Mann, and Joan May.

The junior field hockey team, fiercely fighting for the lead, lost their first game to the seniors but came back in the second game to tie them. Thus the juniors and seniors must play another game to decide the championship. The members of the junior team, who seemed to improve with every game, are Marilyn Case, Lorita Calderella, Jane Whiting, Anne Shields, Carolyn Keefe, Judy Larkin, Carol Walters, Sally Reagan, Pat Noon, and Barbara Limont, the captain.

The senior team, with its co-captains Phyllis Gale and Barbara Lipari, has been waiting anxiously to play its final game with the juniors. The senior field hockey players include Nancy Quirk, Susan Cook, Anna Bruzzi, Linda Rabiner, Barbara Marsters, Barbara Wohrle, Doris Shantz, Paula Coughlin and Mary Henriques. The tournament will not end until the final games have been played, perhaps not until next spring.

VOLLEYBALL

By Paula Coughlin

What happens when over one hundred girls try out for positions on a team of eight? That is just what occurs every year when volleyball practice starts. This year, in order to give more girls a chance to play volleyball, three teams are being organized in each class. The teams are the varsity, "jayvee", and "veebiee."

The varsity is the regular team, composed of those girls who show the most ability during practice sessions. Many girls who would be on the varsity team if there weren't so many candidates will have an opportunity to play on either the jayvee, the second team, or the veebee, the third team. Each girl who wins a position on a varsity team will receive a numeral; in addition, the girls on the winning team will receive letters. The members of the winning team in the jayvee group will also be awarded numerals, while the players on the team which captures the veebee tournament will earn fifty credits toward a numeral. It is hoped that more of the girls who want to participate in sports will be able to play and to earn awards in this way.

GYM HELPERS

By Paula Coughlin

Did you ever wonder how Miss McNaughton and Miss Morgan keep those large gym classes in some semblance of order? Fortunately, there are in the Senior Class some ambitious and obliging girls who, after taking two years of gym themselves, volunteer to assist with the junior and sophomore gym classes. These girls who make it possible for more activities to be carried on during classes are Barbara Marsters, Phyllis Gale, Anna Bruzzi, Marilyn Hill, Linda Rabiner, and Doris Shantz.

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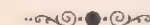
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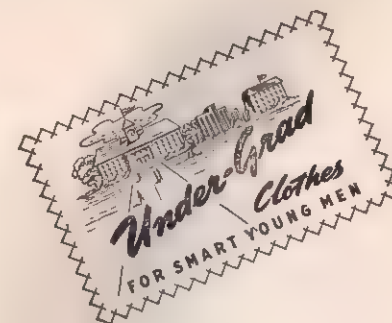
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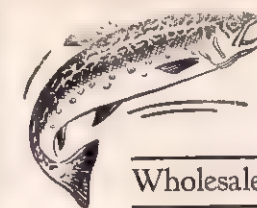
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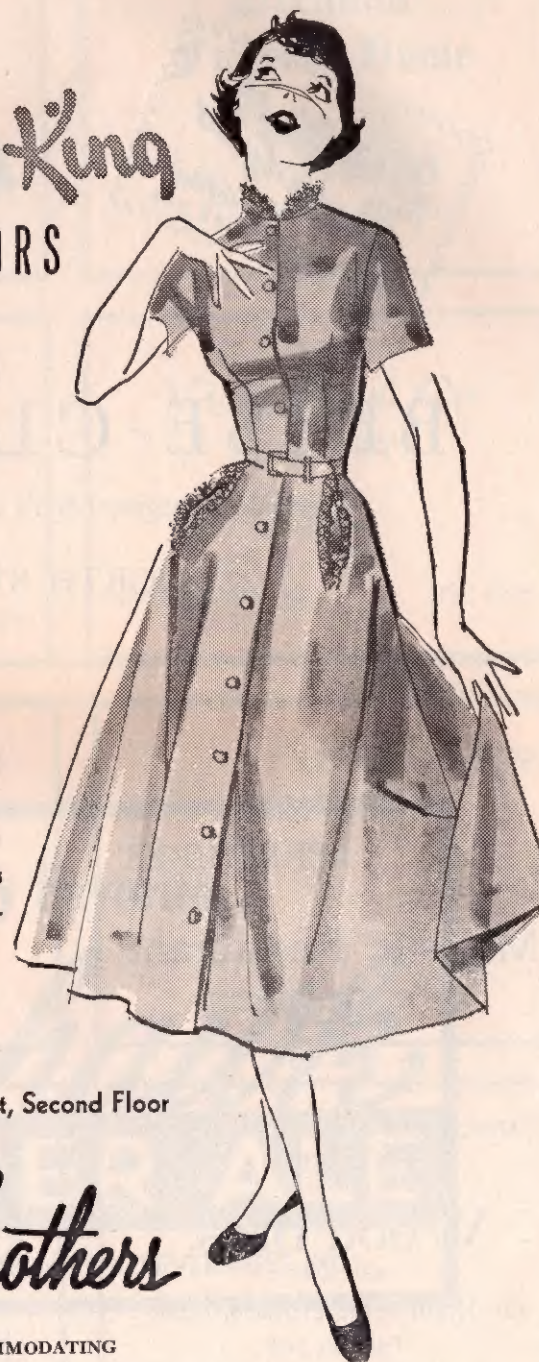
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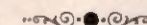
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